

# THE LUTE.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF MUSICAL NEWS.

No. 150.]  
Registered for Transmission Abroad.

JUNE 1, 1895.

[PRICE 2d.; POST FREE 2½d.  
Annual Subscription, Post Free, 2/6.]

## SIGNOR RANDEGGER.

ALBERTO RANDEGGER was born at Trieste on April 13th, 1832, and began to study music seriously at the age of 13, under Lafont for the pianoforte and L. Ricci for composition. By the time he was of age he was already known as the author of several Masses and other pieces of Church music, as well as of at least two ballets, which were both produced at the Grand Theatre of his native town. During the next few years he was engaged as *chef d'orchestre* in various theatres of Fiume, Zera, Sinigaglia, Venice, and Brescia; at the last-named place he brought out his tragic opera in four acts, *Bianco Capello*. In 1855, he turned his eyes and eventually his steps towards England, where he has remained ever since, to the great advantage of this country. In 1864 his comic operetta, *The Rival Beauties*, in two acts, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Leeds, and it has since enjoyed considerable success elsewhere. In 1868 he was appointed Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music, of which he is a director. He is a prominent conductor, having fulfilled engagements in that capacity at a series of Italian operas at the St. James's Theatre in 1857, with the Carl Rosa Company, and at Provincial Festivals. His more recent compositions comprise: a lengthy dramatic cantata, *Fridolin*, composed for and performed at the Birmingham Festival of 1873; two orchestral *Scenas*; the 150th Psalm for soprano, chorus, organ, and orchestra; and a Funeral Anthem for the death of the Prince Consort, which was twice performed in London. He is one of the leading authorities on the voice, having been selected to contribute the volume on Singing to Novello's series of Music Primers, and many of the most able and popular vocalists now before the public are pupils of his.

But it is not only as an artist that Signor Randegger shines. His charming and lively manners render him an especial favourite in society, where he is a *grata persona* in the best sense, and where he is regarded with equal admiration and friendship.

## CURRENT NOTES.

THE Philharmonic Concert of May 1st was unusually dull. The only items which could evoke any particular interest were the introduction to the second part of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *The Light of the World*, an oratorio which deserves to be heard more frequently than it is, and Max Bruch's violin *Concerto* in G, ably played by Miss Frida Scotta. The last-named work was, however, more remarkable for the excellence displayed by the soloist than for the charm of the composition, and the remainder of the programme was either tedious or hackneyed. Even Mr. Bispham selected one of the most tiresome things ever perpetrated by Weber (*A Scena from Euryanthe*) as his vocal solo, and Wagner's *Walkurenritt* had been performed, one would have thought, often enough in all conscience under Messrs. Richter, Henschel, and Manns without dragging it out again for the benefit

of a Philharmonic audience. When, on the top of this noisy work, came Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, the endurance of the most patient was sorely tried. Comparatively few people, and they not the most musically intelligent, ever desire to hear this masterpiece of pretentiousness and turgidity more than once. I cannot believe that Sir A. Mackenzie, who conducted with so much zeal, can really admire it.

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THE reception to Mr. A. Manns at the Grafton Galleries in celebration of his 70th birthday, was a very brilliant affair. The rooms were crowded by the most prominent representatives of music, literature, and the drama, together with many notabilities who may be regarded as patrons of the arts. His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg was punctually in attendance, and the proceedings were not unduly spun out. In fact, with the address read by Sir George Grove, and Mr. Manns's reply, the business was practically over, and there was plenty of time to look at the pictures, to greet one's friends, to listen to the Crystal Palace Orchestra in a delightful selection, which included the fascinating dances from Mr. Edward German's music to *Henry VIII.*, and to partake of an excellent supper provided by Mr. V. Benoit.

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WHILE the May number of THE LUTE was being printed, a very extraordinary concert was being held in St. James's Hall. Miss H. Edith Green was the presiding genius, for, though the band was conducted by Mr. Gilbert R. Betjemann, and Sterndale Bennett, Max Bruch, Wagner, and other authors figured on the programme, it was evidently Miss Green and her works that the audience had assembled to see and hear. Miss Green elected to take the judgment of the London public on two only of her compositions. But from these conclusions not flattering to the lady could be drawn. They consisted of a violin and piano sonata, and a symphony. In the sonata, Miss Ethel Barns held the violin, while Miss Green herself played the piano. I was truthfully sorry for Miss Barns, who rendered the amazing music with every care and some skill. Miss Green, on the other hand, appeared to be hardly sufficient mistress of her instrument to do her part the scant justice which it deserved. At one point she seemed undecided as to whether a movement ended in the major or minor key, and her manner throughout was lamentably tentative and feeble. All the movements of the sonata were indescribably futile, and as I looked round I wondered how the audience and the members of the band managed to keep their countenances. Such music as this was has surely never been heard before in St. James's Hall. But Miss Green is alleged to have drawn her inspiration from the shade of Beethoven, who, from his exalted sphere, personally dictated—so we are told—the trash which she performed in public.

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THIS monstrous and mischievous assumption must be my excuse for speaking out so plainly. Spiritualists are notoriously credulous not to say gullible folk, and it is

possible in the ordinary exercise of their cult to dupe them sufficiently without at the same time offering a gratuitous insult to the memory of Beethoven. He could not be even remotely connected with Miss Green's twaddling effusion, except so far as that a phrase of his may have occasionally lingered in the lady's mind only to be made ridiculous by her presentment of it. The symphony, as music, was only a little less awful. The actual orchestration of this mass of rubbish seemed by contrast to be curiously well done. If Miss Green herself scored her symphony—and I have no reason to doubt that she did—it is pleasant to be able to say that she would apparently be a good hand at the instrumentation of other people's works. I like to hear new compositions, and I took pains to be present when I saw the announcement of ambitious doings by a lady. But when one challenges criticism as a musician one cannot expect to be judged merely as a woman, and so I have said what I think about Miss Green in the hope that she will in any future productions at any rate leave poor Beethoven out of the reckoning.

It seems quite hopeless to expect that givers of benefit concerts will confine their programmes to anything like a moderate length. Mr. Percy Notcutt recently provided a bill of fare that, even if it had been got through with military precision, would have proved intolerably long. As it was, the greed of the audience on the one hand, and vanity of certain of the artists on the other, caused the proceedings to be abruptly closed and several desirable numbers were perforce cancelled. If this sort of thing were the exception, it might pass, but everyone knows that it is the rule rather than the exception to arrange an inordinate programme in the first place, and then to grant encores. Thus injustice is doubly done. Those of the public who had desired to hear, or may have come on purpose to hear the pieces which have to be sacrificed, are not treated fairly, and those artists who are crowded out—many of whom volunteer their services on these occasions out of pure good nature—must naturally feel aggrieved.

ON May 6th, Herr Willy Burmester, who had created a profound impression at one of Mr. Henschel's Symphony Concerts, gave an orchestral violin recital at St. James's Hall, when the public were enabled to judge him in almost every style of music. His marvellous and brilliant powers as an executant were already recognised, but his English critics were not altogether prepared for the broad and classical treatment which he lent to slow movements such as that in Spohr's Seventh *Concerto*, or the simple air by Bach which he played upon the fourth string with the very perfection of intonation and expression. Herr Burmester, as has been already remarked, appears to be a Paganini *redivivus* in the highest sense, he is even more, he is a violinist and musician of the nicest and deepest feeling. His concert, with the concurrence of a capable orchestra, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen, proved not only an intellectual treat, but also a valuable relaxation. Grave pieces were relieved by works in a lighter vein, and the latter were performed with an apparent facility that seemed to minimise their enormous difficulty. Of course the inevitable encores were rampant, but only towards the end did the performer accede to them, and though he was recalled four or five times after each effort, the greedy ones could at first do no more than keep him trotting up and down the platform steps until they were tired of their own clamour. Herr Burmester is already one of the musical lions of the season.

It seems curious to see nearly the entire *scenario* and the whole cast of Gounod's most favourite opera without hearing more than a note or two of his music. Yet this is what may be done at the Empire, where the grand ballet, *Faust*, is nightly played to the strains of Messrs. Meyer Lutz and Ernest Ford. On the magnificence of the spectacle, the grace of the dancers, and the picturesque grouping, this is hardly the place to insist. But I may be allowed to place on record my admiration of the production as a whole, and especially of the music. Mr. Meyer Lutz contributes that to the first and second tableaux, and his happy knack of melody, and his long experience of this kind of business stand him in excellent stead. The remaining three tableaux have been entrusted to Mr. Ernest Ford, the conductor at the Empire, and his work is of a more ambitious character. Considering the difficulty of such a sustained effort as the writing of ballet music involves, he has been wonderfully successful. The symphonic and interesting passages with which he accompanies the dark scene "on the Brocken" are models of effective and dramatic composition.

THE Royal Opera Season opened, in the most brilliant fashion on Monday night, May the 13th, and graced by Royalty and thronged with the distinguished people of London, the newly decorated house presented a grand appearance. *Otello* as an opera did not, perhaps, create much enthusiasm, but the singing and acting of Signor Tamagno and Mme. Albani were all that could be wished. The great Italian tenor was in fine form, and now that the orchestra has been sunk below the general level of the auditorium his voice acquires an almost startling volume. As Iago Signor Pessina's, though good, fell somewhat short of M. Maurel's interpretation of that character, and Mme. Albani, who seemed at first a little tired, achieved a veritable triumph in the last act. Some amusement was caused at the end by Otello, who, having killed himself, rolled over once too, often in his death agony, with the result that his body was left on the audience's side of the curtain!

AFTER a certain interval Miss McIntyre made her operatic *rentrée* in Boito's *Mefistofele*. This *prima donna* has made great strides since I last heard her. Her singing in the prison scene was admirable and convincing, and her acting is all the better for her maturer experience. The opera itself, though it finds an admirer in so profound a musician as Professor Stanford, is by no means a favourite of my own. There is a curious mixture of pretentiousness and futility about too much of it, that exasperates certain temperaments. The skimmed and disagreeable accompaniments to many of the *recitativo* passages may be considered daring by some and insolent by others. The musical presentment of the Evil One, again, conveys to my mind no notion of the supernatural, but rather that of an embodiment of *canaille*. The tunes, whenever tunes are attempted—as, for instance, in some songs and dances—strike me as intrinsically commonplace, though they are overlaid by a considerable amount of affectation. The other operas produced in the first week were *Le Prophète*, *Pagliacci*, *Philémon et Baucis*, *Lohengrin*, and *Il Trovatore*. In the latter Signor Tamagno fairly revelled, and kindled the utmost excitement among those of his brother vocalists who regard tremendous lung power as the end and object of singing.

THE American Court of Appeal has, in the case of *Novello & Co. v. Oliver Ditson & Co.*, decided that a



musical composition is not a "book" within the meaning of the manufacturing clause of the American Copyright Act of 1891, and that consequently it is not necessary to print a musical publication in the United States as a condition of obtaining copyright there.

THE Strauss Orchestra, which visited the London International Exhibition some ten years ago, has returned to South Kensington, and under the most imposing Royal patronage it opened fire at the Imperial Institute on May 11th. Under the somewhat eccentric leadership of Herr Eduard Strauss this band plays Viennese dances with good dash and precision, but it is absurd to go into raptures over it, and no one will do so who can appreciate the more artistic, if less theatrical, performances of our best military bands. The Imperial Institute may very likely desire to provide some attraction to the public, but the question is whether the Strauss Orchestra is strong enough to draw people so far out of London. Not but what the Imperial Institute is a handsome place enough, and when I am obliged to go to Hammersmith I like to drop in.

THE orchestral concert given by the Misses Marianne and Clara Eissler was extremely interesting. These young ladies are violinist and harpist respectively to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and each displays a very unusual proficiency. Miss Marianne holds herself and her violin in the right way, which is more than can be said for too many lady violinists, and her powers of execution, though of course not to be compared with those of Herr Willy Burmester, or of Señor Sarasate, are remarkable in so young a player. Sir A. C. Mackenzie himself conducted the performance of his *Pibroch* for violin and orchestra. This difficult but effective piece she played better than anything else, and in a really masterly manner. Miss Clara brought forward an exceedingly clever *Légende*, by Thomé, which is admirably contrived to bring out the best qualities of the harp. The accompaniment for band is beautifully sonorous but never obtrusive. It is not often that harpists favour us with such worthy solos, the tendency being rather towards trashy *morceaux*, which are out of place in a serious concert. Much of the worst and comparatively little good music has been written for the harp, which is, after all, a rather thankless instrument, for ever requiring tuning, and in certain states of the atmosphere liable to a ruinous breakage of strings.

A VERY welcome revival at Covent Garden was that of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, with its tuneful melodies, its *rococo* character, and the strange interpolations of English in the Italian text. Truly a comic opera it is, and a comical figure is the English "mild" whose nobility is emphasised by his costumes! One at least of these would, in the earlier days of racing, have been the envy of any enterprising bookmaker in the "silver ring." To me the most pleasing trait of the performance was the charming singing of Miss Marie Engel as Zerlina. Possessed of a by no means powerful voice, she nevertheless contrived to use it with the utmost effect, and especially at the beginning of the second act she shone conspicuously both as an actress and as a vocalist. This young lady again achieved a considerable success as Michaela in *Carmen*. The leading character was Mlle. de Lussan, who, on the whole, deserved more praise than anyone else concerned. Signor de Lucia filled the part of Don José with his customary ability, and Signor Ancona as Escamillo received the inevitable encore for the Toreador Song.

The part singing of the principals was excellent, but the chorus was indifferent.

AT the Philharmonic Concert of May 16th, a new overture, *Leonatus and Imogen*, by Dr. George J. Bennett, was performed for the first time, and proved to be a valuable contribution to modern English music. It is a work of much grace and refinement, and if not exactly of epoch-making quality, it well deserved the dignity which inclusion in one of the Society's programmes confers. The composer handles the orchestra with admirable tact; his effects are pure and refreshing; and the climax is extremely well led-up-to and effective. It was beautifully played, and I look forward to its repetition at no distant date—say at the Crystal Palace. At the same concert, Herr Willy Burmester introduced Ernst's Violin Concerto in F sharp minor, of which Herr Paul David, writing in Grove's "Dictionary of Music," says: "That it is seldom heard is due to its enormous technical difficulties, which even Ernst himself did not always succeed in mastering." Herr Burmester played the single movement of which the *Concerto* consists without apparent effort. He surpassed himself, and shone to far greater advantage than he had done at a recital just previously—not the orchestral one of May 6th above referred to, but one in which he elected to give Mendelssohn's *Concerto* with piano accompaniment! On that occasion he did not appear at his best. For some reason his intonation was at times faulty, and he had the crowning misfortune to break a string in the middle of a piece. His reception at the Philharmonic was, however, as enthusiastic as it was well merited, and the marvellous ease and precision with which he tackled passages that would be practically impossible for other violinists kindled a perfect *furor* in the audience. Herr Burmester's design is to show people what can be done with the violin. Accordingly his *répertoire* embraces every style of music, from a sonata by Bach to the latest developments of Wieniawski and Sarasate. While probably unapproached in Europe as an exponent of Paganini's weird gymnastics, he does not disdain more suave selections, and few who have heard him play Schumann's "Traümerei" will confirm the judgment I heard a young lady pass upon him at St. James's Hall.

IT was at one of his recitals with piano, and the *Virtuoso* had just finished a most elaborate showpiece—I forget what it was. Immediately behind me sat a girl of about eighteen, who had brought another girl of about fourteen, possibly her sister. "Oh, yes," observed the elder to the younger, with an air of enormous superiority and as if deciding the case once and for ever, "Oh, yes, a wonderful executant, but no soul!" Now this I thought very crushing indeed, and felt glad that Herr Burmester was unconscious of the scathing stricture. Had he not been he would surely have burned his violins! For, of course, young ladies who have been carefully brought up understand all about "soul," and can detect its absence in an instant. No doubt that is why some jealous Orientals deny souls to women.

WHAT this very particular young lady found lacking was, probably, the "intenseness" of the third rate drawing-room vocalist, who warbles bad love songs to a sloppy accompaniment, while he fixes his gooseberry eyes on the daughter of the house. Gentry of this type have plenty of "soul" though they are not as a rule "wonderful executants."

P. R.



## SIMPLICITY IN MUSIC.

THE question of simplicity in music is perhaps, of all points of artistic taste, that which most sharply divides off the true musician from the throng of half-musicians on either side of him. It is one of the problems of musical appreciation that is most hard to define in terms that can be readily understood by another person taking up a different point of view; its proper solution partakes, so to speak, more or less of the nature of an "innate idea." But still we can at any rate point out the mistakes on both sides of the question, and from them we may perhaps gather something of the essence of the real simplicity in music.

It is one of the commonest assertions of half-musical persons that a "simple tune" is the one thing they really like. To the musical taste that is but partially developed, the main things that appeal are regularity of formal construction and melody that can be easily grasped and remembered; these are the two points which strike it most, and consequently an eight or sixteen-bar tune of regular rhythm is its great type of excellence. The "simple" to such persons means something they can beat time to or whistle. This is, of course, an extreme case of purely non-musical appreciation of mere general symmetry of form; but let us take this attitude in a slightly higher sphere. Here the word "tune" is discarded in favour of "melody"; the "melodic interest" of composition is made its great criterion. But what exactly is meant by "melody" in this sense? It is hard to define the term strictly as anything but "a more or less rhythmical and regular succession of notes"—and obviously its partisans mean much more than that. What they practically mean is simply "tune" again, with the proviso that the term shall not be what they themselves would call vulgar. There is just a very slight infusion of an artistic interest into the position; but of course the value of the distinction all depends upon the real meaning and force of its limitations. And every musician knows that, in the mouth of the ordinary amateur who cries for "melody," the limitations are very liable to be relaxed. "Melody" with him includes alike Chopin and the drawing-room ballad, Beethoven and the modern church-service. From this point of view we have no canon for judging between melodies of the most different calibre; they all come under the inspired term, and all are therefore acceptable. The typical Gounod tune is as good as the typical Schubert, the typical modern English waltz as good as the typical Strauss, the typical Rossini as good as the typical Beethoven. We certainly could have no sort of objection to anyone demanding "melody" as much as he likes, but he must know what he means by the word. To ask for melody without any qualifications is much the same as if in poetry we always asked simply for rhyme. We want some further definition; the great drawback of the melody crusade is that it embraces an enormous number of melodies that are nothing but commonplace and sentimental and vulgar, while it excludes many that are none the less "melodies" because their texture is rather more complex.

Now let us turn to the other side of the picture. In these latter days, under the influence of blind admiration for great men like Wagner, who were themselves far above any such follies, many half-musicians have rushed wildly to the opposite extreme. Anything simple must be bad—is the practical reduction of their principles. Anything written in regular rhythm, anything that any conceivable person

could by any possibility be supposed to be able to whistle, must be in its very nature childish and altogether worthless. In their eagerness to point out that some of the melodies the amateur worships are in reality extremely threadbare, to say the least, they appear to have gone on to affirm that at present, at any rate, no one could possibly write a "tune" of any artistic value. The great must be elaborate, they seem to say; it must necessarily be something that defies all understanding at a first hearing. It must be set out with all the pomp of every modern resource—it must be something which could never, even by its bitterest enemy, be accused of condescending towards the non-musical public. But, after all, protestations like these mean very little; they are liable to exactly the same charges of indiscriminate as those of the melody-worshippers. On principles like these we could never distinguish between a typical Liszt outburst and a typical one of Wagner, between a complexity of Bruckner and a complexity of Brahms. These all-round detractors of the "tune" principle forget that it is quite as easy and as common to turn out bad non-melodic as bad melodic music; and, after all, perhaps a tune of any kind, however irredeemably worthless, is preferable to an absolute lack of anything at all. Just as the amateurs of melody cry out against Wagner, because they feel he is beyond them, so the amateurs of non-melody cry out against Haydn and Mozart for exactly the same reason, though they might be loth to admit it. They say that anyone could write tunes like Haydn and Mozart. Let them try.

When we look at the matter from the real musician's point of view, there is no doubt whatever that, in our present musical atmosphere, the greatest test of a composer lies in his power to write a simple melody that shall be worth something. For good or for evil, the current of earnest musical endeavour is setting so strongly in the direction of complexity that it is becoming increasingly easy for any educated musician to produce elaborate effects which sound very well but mean very little. Of course it may be said that we have only a most limited number of notes out of which to make a tune, and that the mathematically possible number of combinations must some day be exhausted; still, if we turn to Brahms, we see but little sign of any such exhaustion as yet. Wagner himself—at any rate in his later works—had a copious flow of melody of the highest kind; but unfortunately most of the composers who take him for their ideal have adopted the harmonic complexities which he interwove with his melodies, without having any melodies for the harmonies to set off. No one would, of course, for a moment assert of the leading composers since Wagner that they are not alive to the importance of melodic interest; but, after all, the rank and file seem to be sowing their wild oats with singular profusion, and when Brahms is gone from us to whom shall we look?

There is a great deal of truth, too often forgotten, in Goethe's famous saying that it is when working under limitations that the great artist shows himself. When we turn to a great simple melody, the sense of the immensity of the result produced by the smallest materials comes home to us with a force nothing less than crushing. We may be able to write a page of storm and stress that perhaps sounds not very unlike passages in Wagner or Brahms; can we write a couple of bars that could be mentioned in the same breath with melodies like the opening phrases of *Parsifal* or the themes of the Clarinet Quintet? The true simplicity is not that of many melodies which have won popularity, even among so-

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called musicians, which are simple merely because they have nothing in them; the great melodies are simple indeed, but it is because they have in them all the passion and beauty of things, hammered down till nothing but the pure gold is left. Few melodies come up to the ideal of this kind of simplicity, it is true; but still we may find them in all periods and styles of music, from the folk-song literature to the largest of modern works, for the simple is by no means synonymous with scantiness—it may as well be the clenching of the richest materials into one focus as the transparent weaving of but a few threads. The highest simplicity is of course that which cuts straight to the heart, and of this the great tunes of Beethoven remain the supreme type. But besides them there is the simplicity whose great type is Mozart—the simplicity of the perfect child, as the other is of the perfect man. No doubt Mozart in a few cases (as in parts of the G minor Quintet) attains to the latter; but as a rule his melodies are rather ideals of sheer beauty than ideals of depth. The simplicity of Haydn or Mozart is in many ways quite distinct from that of which the great examples are Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. When we turn to these last, the deep rest of their great tunes reminds us rather of the rest that comes after the struggle than, like those of the Mozart type, of the time before any struggle is known. And perhaps that is the reason why, in some of our moods, Mozart and Haydn appeal to us almost more than all others. Their music is the type of the "morning of the world," with all its immaturities and limitations, and all its unrecoverable charm.

And, in conclusion, leaving melody on one side, we can see the simplicity of the great men in other portions of their art. We see it in their economy of material, in their self-restraint in emotion, in their sense of proportion and due colour, in their knowledge of the fit points for climaxes, and so on. In the finest works of all the great men, whether they are built of small or of large materials, there is nothing wasted. And what is the labour that has gone to this result we may see from the comparison of Beethoven's *Leonora* No. 3 overture with the earlier sketch on the same basis known as No. 2. We see the composer steadily recasting his work throughout, moulding it always in the direction of greater simplicity of texture, even when much that is beautiful has to be ruthlessly discarded. And we see the result of all this toil in the perfect simplicity and strength—unhasting, unresting—with which the work presses on, through all its passion and its changes of mood, straight up to the climax. And what does this consist of? Merely a sudden drop from *ff* to *p*, a chromatic ascent *crescendo* up to a minor ninth, and some tonic and dominant chords; that is the groundwork of what are perhaps the most overpowering pages in all music. That is what, in the hands of Beethoven, simplicity can do.

ERNEST WALKER.

#### V A R I A.

THE advent of the annual opera season suggests some reflections on the anomalous and seemingly almost hopeless position of British composers in this field. While in France, in Germany, in Italy, national opera holds a universally recognised position, in England it is practically non-existent. Some of our composers do, no doubt, produce operas at intervals, but the intervals are few and far between, and sometimes the first performances take place outside this country altogether. When we think of the theatres in every moderate sized town in

Germany, where native operas are being played practically all the year round, it is surely rather a shameful reflection that the one London theatre, which was inaugurated with a flourish of trumpets a few years ago as an English Opera House, has now become simply a music-hall. Is that the goal of our dramatic aspirations? And yet it is difficult to know where we are to look for hopeful signs in the present condition of things. The Carl Rosa provincial company is practically the only one to which a composer can turn. The London opera season only lasts a couple of months, and what is that for the production of new English works? Every town in Germany or Austria has a theatre in which the composer may find a home for his work, with resident performers and conductors who can give time to its proper study. What have we to correspond here? The truth of the matter is that in England we have at present no sort of right operatic tradition. The tradition we have is that of fashionable Italian opera—an agreeable recreation after dinner, more or less on a level with other society recreations. We would not at all deny that the manners of English operatic audiences have much improved—we have probably to thank German influence very much for this—but still an English operatic composer has to reckon with the fact that at least three-quarters of his audience will never listen very much to what is going on when the curtain is not up. And, still more, when a composer of any merit condescends to write incidental music to a play, the results are enough to make us bow our heads in utter shame. It is a wonder to us how any composer, however good-natured, can bring himself to write music for a play at an English theatre when he knows perfectly well beforehand that, what with a miserably scanty orchestra and a continual torrent of conversation, but few notes of the music over which he has spent months of toil will ever be heard. The only national dramatic music that seems at present to have any chance of success in London is devoted to comedy burlesques and similar degradations; are we never to have anything slightly less intolerable than this? Possibly we might see some hope for the future in the striking success of Humperdinck's beautiful *Hänsel und Gretel*, in spite of the many artistic drawbacks of the performances; but it is perhaps a little doubtful whether the pantomime and the angels are not quite as attractive to most of the audience as the altogether charming music. We do not wish for a moment to urge that our too short operatic season should be devoted to inferior British works in place of foreign masterpieces; all we would emphasise is that we should not blind ourselves to the altogether miserable outlook for English opera in the existing circumstances. Of all branches of his art, one of the highest is most beyond the reach of the English composer. If he writes an opera it is very probable it will never reach half-a-dozen performances, if it is ever performed at all; and even then, under our present conditions of conductors, singers, orchestras, choruses, and *mise-en-scène* into the bargain—what will the performances be like?

On the 8th of this month occurs the eighty-fifth anniversary of Schumann's birth, and the occasion is an interesting one on which to call to mind some of the vicissitudes of his fame in this country. At the first, as is well known, no language was too violent for the leading English critics when his works came before their notice. Schumann and Wagner alike were abused with the grossest personalities and the most complete want of any musical understanding; it was not that the critics tried

seriously to comprehend the music and failed—had they done so their remarks would at least have commanded respect as honest expressions of opinion—but in many cases they prejudged everything beforehand and gave the composers no chance. Mendelssohn and the Mendelssohnian ideals were the great objects of worship—anything that went on different lines, whatever they might be, was not to be tolerated by the faithful. We have changed a great deal since then. Efforts, untiring and persistent, like those of Madame Schumann with the piano works, and Mr. Manns with the orchestral, brought about a revolution which was steady and sure, and even in 1873 the *Musical Times* speaks of Schumann's music as "rapidly obtaining not only artistic recognition but popular favour." It was only natural that, in the reaction from the scandalous vilification of his work, his admirers should go on to claim for him a position which, at the present day, now that the balance has adjusted itself, we might hardly perhaps be prepared altogether to justify. We can now see the limitations of his genius—the sense of effort which is so often present, and is so striking a contrast to the serene unerringness of one like Beethoven, the mannerisms of style, the technical deficiencies, especially in orchestration, and all the rest. But in spite of these defects, which no one with any close acquaintance with his music would now deny, he still has a firmly assured place among the first ten or twelve of the great names in music. Whatever we may say about his later obscurities—his perpetual sequential passages and singular harmonic experiments—yet his earlier piano solo music, down to the G minor Sonata and the *Faschingsschwank aus Wien*, is, when we consider it closely, of an originality almost unique in music. Pieces like the finest of the *Davidbinder*, the *Fantasiestücke*, the *Kreisleriana*, the *Novelletten*—like the first two movements of the F sharp minor Sonata, the Variations of that in F minor, the C major Fantasia, the *Etudes Symphoniques*—these have practically no parallel in earlier work. The luxuriant imaginative power of the ideas, and the singular passionate emotion with which they are expressed, are to all intents and purposes unique. And in the piano technique itself these works are equally unprecedented. There is no earlier piano music, and but little later, except some of Brahms, which makes such almost exclusive demands on richness of tone and warmth of style. Schumann's piano music does not require "clear" playing in the ordinary sense of the word; it has no meaning when rendered as one would render Mozart. Warmth is the one thing needful, combined with perfect command of pedal effects. If, unfortunately, we too often hear his passion reduced to sentimentality, and his freedom to incoherency, it is not the composer who is to blame. His emotions very rarely or never break bounds; they are always manly and dignified, whether we look to the piano pieces or the songs or the great orchestral and choral works. If the fountain of inspiration did not always, in his later years, run quite as freely with Schumann as with others of the great musicians, yet he can well afford to base his claim to immortality on his best works—and he has left noble examples in almost all branches of his art—and let the rest go. It is of works like the *Manfred* Overture, the Piano Concerto, the third part of *Faust*, that we think when judging him—not of other things which have passed into oblivion. After all, it is a great thing to be able to say of a man, as emphatically it can be said of Schumann, that all his life he strove to act up to the spirit of Schiller's *Ernst ist das Leben*: we can forgive a man much for that. E. W.

## MUSIC IN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

\*\*\* In view of the musical influence of Colleges and Public and High Schools, we shall be glad to receive communications respecting any musical events that may take place. Such notices, however, should reach us by the 18th day of the month.

**DULWICH HIGH SCHOOL.**—At the prize-giving at the end of last term an interesting selection of part-music and school songs was performed with great spirit and animation. The conductor was Mr. John Farmer.

**NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.**—At the end of last term a concert was held, at which the principal work was Rheinberger's Mass for female voices and organ. The performance was in all ways excellent.

**CLIFTON HIGH SCHOOL.**—Pergolesi's fine *Stabat Mater* for female voices and strings has been recently well performed under Mr. John Farmer's direction. The accompaniments were played by the string orchestra of the school, the head mistress taking a place among the violoncellists.

**HARROW.**—At the end of last term the usual "House Twelves" and Glee Contest took place, and produced interesting and extremely close competitions. The judge was Mr. E. Walker, M.A., Mus. Bac., Oxon.

**RUGBY.**—Mr. John Farmer acted as judge of the "Twelves" and Glee Contests at the end of last term. After the competitions were finished, the school joined in hearty singing of various school songs, including "Forty years on."

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—The Practical Examinations in Vocal and Instrumental Music will be held at the Society's House, Adelphi, London, commencing 17th June. The examiner will be Mr. John Farmer, of Balliol College, Oxford, and Director of the Harrow Music School, assisted by Mr. Ernest Walker, M.A., Balliol, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

**LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.**—In consequence of the growing demands for larger accommodation in both the educational and examination departments of the College, the Council have found it necessary to at length take steps to meet the requirements. This has been accomplished by the taking of a handsome building almost immediately opposite to that at present occupied in Great Marlborough Street, and when the necessary decorations are finished the new premises will be such as to possess every advantage for the convenience and comfort of students. The class and reception rooms will be of a spacious character, and there will also be a library and commodious lecture hall. The opening festivities will take place about the end of June.

## DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES.

\*\*\* To obviate any interesting event in the Suburbs or Provinces escaping attention, we shall be glad to receive communications from local correspondents. These, however, must reach us before the 18th day of the month.

**OXFORD.**—The principal public concert of the past month took the form of a pianoforte and vocal recital by Miss Fanny Davies and Mr. David Bispham, given in the New Schools on the 10th ult. In celebration of the composer's birthday, the greater part of the programme was selected from the works of Brahms, including the two Rhapsodies (Op. 79), and three smaller piano pieces, and eight very fine specimens of the songs. Miss Davies was

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heard to special advantage in the Capriccio in B minor and the Intermezzo in A major; and Mr. Bispham's splendidly dramatic style was shown to the fullest extent in all the selections. Perhaps the energy and passion of "Willst du dass ich geh'?" and "Verrath" struck the audience the most directly; but the interpretation of the more delicate numbers was equally artistic and noteworthy. The remainder of the programme consisted of five contrasted specimens of English folk-song, with Sterndale Bennett's Toccata in C minor, and a set of Variations on a Norwegian Air by Mr. E. Walker, who acted as accompanist during the evening.—At the two last Sunday evening concerts at Balliol very interesting programmes have been given. At the first of the term Mr. Hans Wessely gave brilliant renderings of Mendelssohn's Concerto, and several smaller violin pieces; and Miss Lindsay Currie showed a very pleasant soprano voice in songs of Handel, Mozart, and Schubert. At the second concert Miss Marie Fillunger gave a vocal recital, consisting of twelve songs, selected from Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and also some of the German Volkslieder recently arranged by the last named. Miss Fillunger was in extremely fine voice, and sang superbly throughout, her renderings of the Mozart and Schumann items in particular being of quite unsurpassable merit. Mr. E. Walker, besides accompanying, played a Nocturne and Impromptu of Chopin, and was joined by Mr. D. F. Tovey in Mozart's Duet Variations in G major.—At the Musical Club's weekly performances, the principal works during the past month have been:—String quartets in A minor (Brahms), in D minor (Haydn); piano quartets in E flat (Schumann), in E flat (Beethoven); divertimento for string quartet and horns in D (Mozart); trio for piano and strings in E (Haydn); sonatas for piano and violin in A (Brahms), in F (Grieg); for piano and violoncello in E minor (Brahms); for piano and horn in F (Beethoven); for two pianos in D (Mozart); piano solos—Fantasia in C (Schubert), Ballade in F minor (Chopin), "Papillons" (Schumann), violin solos, songs, etc. The artists have been—Pianists, Messrs. Isidor Cohn, F. Harvey, B. Harwood, C. H. Lloyd, J. Taylor, E. Walker; Violin, Messrs. A. Gibson, A. Kummer, A. J. Slocombe, H. H. Joachim, R. C. Davis; Viola, Messrs. A. Hobday and E. F. Johns; Violoncello, Messrs. P. Ludwig, P. Peruzzi, A. E. Donkin; Horns, Messrs. C. H. Lloyd and J. Smith; Singers, Messrs. E. G. Mercer and A. H. S. Patrick. During the past month also a very great distinction has been conferred upon the Club in the acceptance of its honorary membership by Dr. Johannes Brahms. In its twenty-three years' existence the Club has given frequent performances of the complete chamber-music literature of Brahms, as of all the other great composers, and it was felt that the anniversary of his birthday on May 7th was a suitable occasion on which to forward him a letter of congratulation, with an offer of honorary membership. The letter was supplemented by a list of honorary and ordinary members, and a collection of programmes; and within a day or two there arrived a most cordial autograph reply, containing the warmest and most sympathetic appreciation of the work of the Club in the cause of music. As Brahms is well known to be "difficult" in these matters, and has more than once decidedly snubbed English advances, his ready acceptance is all the greater compliment to the Musical Club.

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NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Herr Oppenheim, a recent importation, gave a violin recital in the new Assembly

Rooms, assisted by his brother, from Bradford, at the piano. The concert was very enjoyable, but the attendance was of a meagre sort, and would barely cover expenses.—Mr. Beers, a local teacher of the violin of long standing, gave an *invitation* concert in the same rooms; the attendance was a *large* and *brilliant* one. Members of his violin class gave several concerted pieces. Miss Newborne presided at the piano, and Miss Minnie Beers was the vocalist.—A sacred concert was held in Trinity Presbyterian Church on Monday night, April 22nd, under the conductorship of their painstaking organist, Mr. Ackless, Mus. Bac.—The Northumberland Orchestral Society gave their invitation concert on Thursday evening, April 4th, in the Town Hall, with Madame Marie Bellas, vocalist, Mr. J. H. Beers, solo violinist and conductor. The performance was scarcely up to the standard of former excellence. The programme was:—Overture, "Yelva," C. G. Reissiger; Song, "Che Faro Senza Euridice," Gluck; Symphony, No. 4, Niels W. Gade; Vorspiel, "King Manfred," Reinecke; Song, "Shepherd's Cradle Song," Somervell; Violin Solo, "Cavatina," Hans Sitt; Song, "When all was Young," Gounod; Overture, "Di Ballo," Sullivan.—On April 26th, in the New Assembly Rooms, Miss Werner and her pupils gave an invitation concert. An excellent programme was provided. Valuable assistance was rendered by Miss H. M. Stevenson and Mr. Frederic Spencer.—In connection with an excellent little Health Exhibition held in Olympia, the "Csikos" Hungarian Band are fulfilling a short engagement. The orchestra consists of about 20 performers under "Herr Bertus," who is claimed to be the finest conductor of orchestral music in Hungary. The band excels in the performance of music of their own nationality; their rendering of more familiar works is, however, decidedly unconventional. The style adopted by the sub-conductor, Herr Furedy Kalman, is totally different to that of his chief, and the contrast presents an interesting study. After next week the band proceeds to London to fulfil numerous society engagements.

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THE 56th season of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society closed, as usual, with an oratorio concert, Tinel's *St. Francis* being given. The representation—the first in England—of this fine work was admirable throughout. The work itself, dealing with the life, work, and death of St. Francis of Assisi, is imbued with the deepest religious feeling, and a sustained and elevated expression. The technical skill evinced in the composer's command of the resources of voices, orchestra, and organ, places Tinel—a name probably almost as unknown here as the work itself—in the front rank of the great masters of music. The vocal solos were in the capable hands of Miss Anna Williams, Mr. W. Green, Mr. Andrew Black, Mr. David Bispham, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Sir Charles Hallé conducted. On the following day the final concert of the "Harrison" series was given. Madame Albani sang Agatha's famous aria from Weber's *Der Freischütz*, Bemberg's "Chant Venetien," and a vocal waltz by Arditi. Madame Alice Gomez, Mr. Chas. Chiley, Miss Angela Vanbrugh, and Mr. Schenberger, together with the Meister Glee Singers, contributed to the performance of a programme admirable in all respects. The fourth and final classical chamber concert given by the "Schiever" Quartette was, as is usual, an intellectual and artistic treat; and Messrs. Schiever, Courvoisier, Ackroyd, and Fuchs are to be congratulated on their successes in carrying on a form of entertainment demanding a high order of real musical attainments on the part of the

performers, and critical appreciation on the part of the audience not possessed by the ordinary concert-goer.

LUTON.—A very large company attended the musical festival at Chapel Street Church on the 5th ult. The chorus, 800 strong, under Mr. Sidney Bennett's direction, was in fine form. Gounod's "O Divine Redeemer" and other high-class music received an artistic rendering. The organist was Mr. Underwood, and the receipts amounted to £100.

#### SOME FOREIGN ITEMS.

A VERY interesting event took place at the Opéra in Paris on the 13th ult., when a brilliantly successful performance of *Tannhäuser* was given. It will be remembered that in 1861 the work was, after the greatest trouble and expense had been taken over its production, and Wagner had partially re-written and much improved the music of the first act, hissed off the stage by the Jockey Club and the fashionable society of Paris. There is still a relic of the old leaven in the report that the ballet had been more carefully arranged for this performance than almost anything else; but M. Van Dyck, Mme. Rose Caron, Mlle. Bréval, and M. Renaud, are said to have given excellent performances of the chief parts; and, after all, operatic music has some progress to make, not only in France, before it is recognised that orchestra and chorus and conductor are at least as important as a star singer or two and a show ballet.

At Munich, under Herr Levi's direction, Berlioz's *La Prise de Troie* (the first part of the huge work of which *Les Troyens* forms the second) has been recently performed with great success. Herr Mottl's performances at Carlsruhe are the only other occasions when the whole work has been given on the stage.

THE complete programmes of the three days' Lower Rhine Festival at Cologne at Whitsuntide present many interesting features. They include Haydn's *Seasons*, a *Te Deum* by Herr Wüllner, Bach's Cantata *Wir danken dir, Gott*, the third part of Schumann's *Faust* music, the Finale from *Parsifal*, Humperdinck's *Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar*, the Finale from *Die Meistersinger*, and selections from Bruch's new oratorio *Moses*, and from Richard Strauss' *Guntram*. Besides these vocal works there will also be performed symphonies of Brahms (No. 3 in F), Beethoven (the *Eroica*), and Mozart (in E flat); piano concertos of Liszt in A and Mendelssohn in G minor, and a Handel overture.

It is announced from Pesaro, Rossini's birthplace, that a hitherto unknown cantata of the composer, the subject of which is the Francesca di Rimini story from the *Inferno*, has been recently discovered and successfully produced at that town.

HERR HUMPERDINCK's charming *Hänsel und Gretel* has attained the distinction of being parodied. A humorous caricature of the work has been drawing crowded audiences at the Volkstheater at Vienna. Herr Roth is the composer of the music, and Herren Coste and Heinrich the writers of the libretto.

THE municipality of the little town of Cadenet, in the department of Bouches-de-Rhône, has lately placed a marble tablet on the house where Félicien David, the composer of *Le Désert*, was born. It bears a suitable inscription in Provençal.

THE annual meeting of the Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein will take place this year at Brunswick, from June 12th to 16th. The principal choral work in preparation is Berlioz's *Requiem*, and among the performers who will appear at this celebrated meeting-place of artists are to be noticed the names of Frau Lilli Lehmann, Herr Eugen d'Albert, and M. Paderewski.

WAGNER's *Rienzi* has been recently revived at Berlin, under Frau Cosima Wagner's personal superintendence. The work has been greatly neglected, as is hardly unreasonable, considering the subservience to Meyerbeer and Spontini principles which it displays and the almost entire absence of anything promising the Wagner of *Tristan* and the *Meistersinger*.

A VERY interesting performance of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* was given recently at Munich, under Herr Levi's direction, when, for the first time in public, the *mise-en-scène* included the exceptionally handsome and valuable old French furniture and appointments which were purchased by the late King of Bavaria for use at the special performances at the Opera House when he was accustomed to form the solitary audience.

AN opera entitled *Herzog Reginald* has been accepted for performance by the directors of the Munich Opera House. The composer, Herr Otto Bruchs, seems to be a musician of singular versatility; he is now one of the leading operatic singers at Munich, and was formerly, it is said, a celebrated trombone player in the Berlin orchestras.

THE Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen—one of the most prominent and most enthusiastic patrons of music in Germany—has set on foot a scheme for a three days' Musical Festival which will be held at Meiningen in the autumn. Among the principal works to be performed will be Bach's *Matthäus-Passion*, Beethoven's *Mass in D*, and Brahms' *Triumphlied*; and the artists will be of the highest order, including the Joachim quartet.

THE custom of setting up memorial tablets on the houses where great musicians have lived seems to be spreading more and more widely on the Continent, though in England we are still lamentably deficient in such marks of artistic appreciation. The latest news of this sort comes from Halle, where a tablet is about to be placed on the house where the great song-writer, Robert Franz, was born. It is also proposed to erect a monument in honour of the composer, and a committee has been formed to further this most excellent object.

SPEAKING of memorial tablets, an inscription has been recently set up on the house, 108 Königgratzerstrasse, at Berlin, recording the fact that the composer Wilhelm Taubert lived there from 1863 to 1889.

TSCHAIKOWSKY's opera, *Eugen Onegin*, has been recently given with great success at Nice; and his *Iolanthe*, a less important work, has been produced at Leipzig.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office of the PUBLISHERS, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W., not later than the 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.

11 JUN 95

LUTE

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ORGAN

SOPRA

ALTO

TENOR

BASS.

ORGAN



P. &amp; W. 1894.



# "O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD"

## Full Anthem for General Use

BERTRAM LUARD SELBY.

LONDON  
PATEY & WILLIS 44 G<sup>t</sup> MARLBOROUGH ST W.

ORGAN. *Moderato.*  
*G<sup>t</sup> mf* *cres.*

SOPRANO *mf*  
ALTO *mf*  
TENOR *mf*  
BASS *mf*

O give thanks un - to the Lord, for

ORGAN. *f* *mf* *senza Ped.*

He is gra - cious, for He is gra - cious, and His

He is gra - cious, for He is gra - cious, and His

He is gra - cious, for He is gra - cious, and His

He is gra - cious, for He is gra - cious, and His

*p*

mer - cy en - du - reth for ev - er, His mer -

mer - cy en - du - reth for ev - er,

mer - cy en - du - reth for ev - er,

mer - cy en - du - reth for ev - er,

*Sw.*

*senza Ped.*

- cy, en - du - reth for ev - er, en - du - reth, for

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en - du - reth, for

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*Ped.*

ev - er.

ev - er.

ev - er.

ev - er.

*G<sup>♯</sup>*

*mp*

*Ped.*

LUTE 150.

*mp*  
This, this is the day  
*mp*  
This, this is the day  
*mp*  
This, this is the day  
This, this *cres.* is the day  
which the Lord hath made  
which the Lord hath made  
which the Lord hath made  
which the Lord hath made  
We will re-joice and be glad in  
We will re-joice and be glad in  
We will re-joice and be glad in  
We will re-joice and be glad in

P. & W. 1994.



The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts, each beginning with the instruction 'it.' and containing a single note. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment, marked with a forte dynamic (*f*) and featuring a melodic line with eighth notes and a harmonic accompaniment of chords.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts, each beginning with the instruction *mp* (mezzo-piano). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment, marked with a forte dynamic (*f*). The lyrics 'The same stone which the builders re - fu - sed,' are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line with eighth notes and a harmonic accompaniment of chords.

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts, each beginning with the instruction *mp* (mezzo-piano). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment, marked with a forte dynamic (*f*). The lyrics 'The same stone which the builders re - fu - sed, is be -' are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line with eighth notes and a harmonic accompaniment of chords.

*ff*

come the head-stone in the cor-ner, the

*ff*

come the head-stone in the cor-ner, the

*ff*

come the head-stone in the cor-ner, the

*ff*

come the head-stone in the cor-ner, the

head-stone in the cor-ner,

head-stone in the cor-ner,

head-stone in the cor-ner,

head-stone in the cor-ner,

*dim*

*mf*

*p* This is the Lord's do-ing,

*p* This is the Lord's do-ing,

*p* This is the Lord's do-ing,

*p* This is the Lord's do-ing,

*Sup*

and it is mar - vel - lous, in our eyes.

pp

pp

pp

pp

Gt

cres.

Ped.

mp

O give

mp

O give

mp

O give

mp

O give

mp



thanks un - to the Lord, for He is gra - cious, for He is  
 thanks un - to the Lord, for He is gra - cious, for He is  
 thanks un - to the Lord, for He is gra - cious, for He is  
 thanks un - to the Lord, for He is gra - cious, for He is

*senza F. l.*

gra - cious and His mer - cy en - du - reth, for ev - er, Give  
 gra - cious and His mer - cy en - du - reth for ev - er, Give  
 gra - cious and His mer - cy en - du - reth for ev - er, Give  
 gra - cious and His mer - cy en - du - reth for ev - er, Give

thanks un - to the Lord, for He is gra - cious, and his  
 and his  
 thanks un - to the Lord, for He is gra - cious, and his  
 for He is gra - cious, and his

First system of the musical score. It consists of four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "mer - cy en - du - reth for ev -". The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Second system of the musical score. The lyrics continue: "er for ev -". The piano part includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The vocal lines show some melodic movement and rests.

Third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "er." repeated on each vocal staff. The piano part includes a *Sw.* (Swell) marking. The system concludes with a final chord in the piano part.









MDLLE. CHAMINADE.

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